

1347.29  
The Pall-Mall GARLAND

Compound of New Excellent New SONGS.

SONG I. The Buxom Lass of Pall-Mall.

SONG II. The Most Melancholical Tragedy.

SONG III. The Conquering Melancholy, The  
Power of Love.

SONG IV. The Mistaken Maid.



Licensed for the Stage and Concerts.

Published for J. Palmer, in High Holborn.

# The Pall-Mall Garland, &c.

## SONG.

The Marion Inn of Pall-Mail

To the tune of, An old Woman Chirked in Gipsy

**A** Lad that is bottom and young,  
and wants to be married with speed,  
Would willingly do for a song,

because he's in very great need.

She lives in, or near, the Pall-Mail,

and wishes some Musical Sport,

Would come with his, *Be la la la la*,  
and tickle her Ears in the Dark.

Good Offers she has had several done,  
but none that would willingly down,  
But now a Bill comes in the Post,

I'll engage him, I'll peckle too soon:

**M**e Lad, you are a power Still,

In gipsy Country, in the Park,

Would you make this blithe gipsy Girl,

Be la la la la, and do the Work.

Sister, the world is a sorry tale,

of a Lad that is bottom and young,

But still he's a power Still, May,

for the Marion Inn of Pall-Mail,

Now, I'll tell you what I do in the Game,

and what I do in the Work in the Park,

But this I must tell you, it's a Game,

they say, *Be la la la la*, and do the Work,



Bodleian

Before being born and brought to  
the world, she will make known her  
A glib tongue and a sharp wit,  
her Air and her Gait, her Grace,  
Her Size, and a number of her faults,  
the place where she was born, and  
As white as the Snow is her complexion,  
Her — — Pulse I could not discern,

Her Hair it is so very fine,  
and also so wonderful flowing,  
That above half a Century, when a Barber  
by it she has dropp'd a lock;  
Each Barber would fain keep the Crop,  
and court her with Ransom in hand,  
But still the put to them a Snop,  
what. Sirs, Your Letter won't stand.

But now she's reformed to say,  
how 'tis to day, Hey will a track,  
And forever after a Gandy track,  
She'll venture a fling off the track;  
She says, she'll not have them catch  
- that daces for to give them a track;  
Be bold then my Laddie, and be bold,  
she lives in, on near, the track;

Her Eyes they look different ways,  
yet each doth see the other's ways,  
Her delicate Legs and feet, I see,  
wou'd any Man's heart be breaking;  
She wades but a jolly wade,  
that has a good, a jolly wade,  
And be that as may be,  
she's in her wade.

The Mourning Dove, or, The Lamentation of the

True-Exponent of the Times.

Was when the Sun did rise from the horizon  
with hollowness and gloom, and in the  
A. Damsel lay deploring the woes of her affliction  
all on a rock reared;  
Wide o'er the rowling bowers  
she cast a wistful look, but knew of none but  
Her Head was bowed down with Woe, and, o'er her bairn,  
that trembl'd o'er the Standard and the sword  
Twelve months well gone had been,  
and nine long tedious Days,  
Why didn't thou visit us soever, sayeth this  
why didn't thou trust the seas?  
Cesa, cesa then Cried Oester, and on her  
and let my bairn die, as you all  
Ah! wherefore troubl'd Mother, is not your  
to that within thy Breast, yet I durst not tell  
The Merchant robb'd of his moneys,  
views Tempesta in despair, of a mornin' sun  
But what's the loss of a mornin' sun  
to losiag of my Bus'?

Should you some day in the fullness of your days  
where Gold and Diamonds grow, there doth no  
You'd find a richer mornin' sun, a nobb  
but none that drowns upon the bairn

How can they say, that Heaven will be pleased  
has nothing whilst in this poor body a and  
Why then beneath the sunless sky I stand  
do's hideous Rock, and gloomy forest and the

No Eyes the Rocks distinguish'd, but Eyes that  
that look beneath the Deep, -  
To wreck the wandering Maid, -  
and leave the Maid to weep. -  
All melancholly lying -  
thus wailed she for her Lover, -  
Repaid each Bluff with sighing, -  
each Billow with a Tear, -  
When o'er the whire Waves swooping,  
his floating Corpse she spied, -  
Then like a Lilly drooping  
she bow'd her Head and cry'd -

## SONG III.

The Conquering Maiden ; or, The Power of Love

To the Tune of, *Hark how the God of Love*, ONE. 1. 31

**H**ark how the God of Love  
calls me away, -  
While Phillis with her lovely Eyes  
bids me to stay ;  
Her Fingers they are playing  
each lovely Art,  
Which sells me from Phillis  
I must not depart ;  
I wou'd fain be a Rover,  
But Cupid does hover,  
And makes me her Lover,  
he hath wounded my Heart,  
Celia abraids me with  
Scorn and Disdain,  
And tells me I'm daily  
envying her Praise.

She is my Rival, says the  
Young Man, who do prize  
Her wit with the Gaming  
And Art of her Eyes,  
You cannot withstand her,  
She reigns your Commander ;  
Her constant Philander,  
Your Child the diet.

Paulin my lovely she laught  
at her Pain,  
Saying, To love Men, she does think  
it in vain,  
Yet holds me a Calm  
In her Cowans ;  
If I am to entice her,  
she flies from my Arms,  
The colder she treats me,  
The more she does bestow ;  
Each Glance of her Beauty  
my Heart does alarm.

The Power of Love is  
unequally shar'd ;  
The colder the Man, then  
the fonder the Maid.  
She yields to his Rival  
his Arms to annoy ;  
Though scorns and despise him,  
with him she will toy ;

Then offer to leave her,  
She'll quickly endeavour,  
With Arts, that are clever,  
to tempe the good Boy.

### SUNSET.

#### The Mistaken Maid. To a New Year.

**A**T Noon on a sultry Summer's day,  
the brightest lady of the May,  
Young Clara beautiful and gay,  
sat knotting in a shade;  
Her pretty fingers could their pens,  
with such artifice of Art,  
Which would have gain'd a lover's heart,  
and warned the most decay;  
At length her favour'd Swain came by,  
She had him quickly in her eye;  
She started up and thus did cry,  
Sweet Youth be not afraid.

Sweet gentle Youth, 'tis none but thee,  
With whom in love I dare be free,  
With such delights and Modesty,  
come sit you down she said,  
And lean thy head all in my lap,  
While thy soft cheek I'll smoothe & chap,  
You may securely take a Nap,  
which be please said they'd.

let her weary Needles still,  
and drew away her twinkling Nail,  
and gave her Stropes such a tally,  
as would awake the dead.

She saw him yawn and heigh'd her snore,  
And found him fast asleep all o're,  
She started no, and said no more,

Sweet gentle Youth, said she:  
Such Virtue ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> deserved <sup>to be</sup> no more,  
For this thyself Pityest,  
I'll trust thee with my Blacky ~~Not~~ <sup>Not</sup> me,  
go mind your grasing Trade,  
Go milk your Goats & shear your Sheep,  
And watch all night your Flock to keep,  
Thou shalt no more be forced to sleep  
by me mistaken MERR.

F I N I S.

